THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 30, 1807.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 12.

EUGENIO TO THE CREWKERNE AUTHORESS.

TO justify, Madam, in some degree, your accusation of presumption, I here undertake to refute even the assertions of an *authoress;* and that the combat may be fairly conducted, I shall not bring any of my heavy artillery into the field, but merely use a few light and missile weapons. Never, I suppose, was there a more unfortunate writer than poor Eugenio! first, persecuted by a Mistress Backstitch; secondly, sneered at by a Mr. Gruff; and thirdly, (still more dreadful to relate) mawled in a most terrible manner by " an authoress!!" Thus, like Minerva's favourite bird, should accident or inclination lead him from his ivy-bower, up starts a whole flock of sparrows, tom-tits, and water-wagtails to buffet him and impede his flight. My two first adversaries, however, having given their opinions without ostentation, I thought silence the best reply; but *now*, Madam, that I find myself attacked by a professed authoress—by a very Amazon—that not only dares to mount poor hackneyed Pegasus, but (when mounted) sets off at a full gallop, loaded with wit, and scattering (like Dr. Slop's meeting with Obadiah on the coach-horse) her brilliancies in the way; when *such* an opponent resolves to jostle genius with genius, " not in the *dark*," (through fear, I suppose, of misconstruction by the prudes) but in open day; I find it indispensibly necessary to assume a posture of defence.

What, in the name of common sense, have you *ladies* to do with *Latin?* you tell the world, in a very angry manner, that I have adopted a most presumptive signature, because, forsooth,

(or to use your own words) " as you suppose, because Eugenio is *Latin* for genius." And then poor luckless Eugenio is accused of " bruiting forth his consequence." But, unfortunately, my good Madam, for *your* consequence, there happens to be no such word as Eugenio or Eugenius in the whole Latin vocabulary. But did I not probably assume this name because Eugeni*a* is the Latin for a kind of grape? and grapes, you know, are sometimes *sour*. Here, Madam, a prudent man would close the controversy, so far as it respected the accusation of *presumption*; but having unfortunately retained, from the vigorous flame of youth, some few sparks of gallantry, I will endeavour to extricate you from the dilemma into which you have unwarily thrown yourself. I shall therefore inform you that *genius* is a Latin word, the first and most proper meaning of which is " A good or evil spirit attending each man or woman, or mankind in general, either to defend or punish them." Don't you often say, when any thing goes amiss—" Alas, my evil genius attends me?" Or should you meet such a dolorous dog as Eugenio oftener than you wish, are you not apt to style him " Your evil genius?" But *genius* also literally means genius; and *eu* is Latin for " Oh! brave." Thus *eu* being an interjection, a familiar translation of Eugenius! would be " astonishing! what a genius;" or, if you like it better, " Heavens! what an astonishing genius!" But still we have another difficulty to cope with: Eugenio must be either the dative or ablative case; however this is too insignificant a point for such effervescent wits as we are to descend to. Thus, Madam, by putting you in the way of still maintaining your assertion, I have committed a kind of literary suicide. At the same time, I must candidly confess that in assuming an appellation so repugnant to your feelings, I neither had an eye to the one derivation or the other, but might just as well have substituted Don Dismallo, or Tom Trot. Your taking Eugenio to be Latin for genius, merely, I presume, from the similarity of sound, reminds me of an odd old village schoolmaster, who to excite the astonishment and veneration of the *profanum vulgus*, pretended to understand Latin and Greek. As a specimen of the former, he would exclaim with great gravity, " Handere me penno et inko." " Tosso pancakibus in panno." And his favourite Greek speech was " Fingeross et thumboss whippere little boy's bumboss." These sonorous exclamations could not, of course, fail to " amaze the unlearned, and make the learned stare."

The subjects you mention for a dashing pen not interfering with my solemn dissertations, I must beg of you to make them the source of your own amusement; gallop on, Madam, at what rate you please, there will be no fear of our *jostling*, as I shall continue my old *jog trot*, quite in an opposite direction.

As

As all favourites of the muses are admirers of nature, I take it for granted *you* are one. Tell me, then, is not some sombre object, some ruined tower, or rocky eminence, always desirable, in order to set off to a greater advantage the more light and delicate features of the landscape? Similar is the case in respect to *composition*; variety is ever necessary to ensure perusal; and were it not for the occasional insertion of "Eugenios's dry maxims," the "authoress of Crewkerne" might possibly mount her little frisky hobby to very little purpose.

When I decline all further controversy, on this or any other subject, you may accuse me of cowardice. Provoke a coward, I have heard, and he will fight Old Nick himself; it *may* be so; but handle me as roughly as you please, Madam, you will never again provoke the pen of Eugenio to renew his encounter with an *angel*.

Adieu.

P. S. I am not at all averse to a little literary skirmish now and then; but my present retirement prevents my receiving the Entertainers regularly, so that before I have it in my power to rally my forces, and return the fire, the subject in dispute becomes insipid, and is probably forgotten. Your communication to the Letter-box I did not receive 'till this morning (the 14th November), and it is likely this answer will not appear for a fortnight hence. Besides, Madam, I think it a very unfair trial of strength when a lady and gentleman are the combatants. If a female slaps my face in the street, I must bear it patiently, and not let resentment get the better of politeness; retaliation would be cowardice. The inference is plain.

Once more, adieu.

X.

Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through Italy, the Tyrol, Styria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland, and Livonia.

(Continued from Page 926.)

WE sailed up the Brenta 'till midnight; but when we had reached Dolo, an impetuous north-west gale, accompanied by heavy showers, stopped the course of our gondola. The locks which from time to time occur in this river being shut, we were obliged to wait in our frail bark, exposed to the violence of the storm, 'till day-light appeared. As we could

not proceed by water to Padua, we engaged a *vettura* (or carriage), into which we had to admit two soldiers, under whose care Mrs. Smith was left: two more followed us on horseback.

She had received no directions to present herself to the colonel of the chasseurs, and therefore on our arrival at Padua, drove to the Paris hotel, where she remained with her maid to take some rest after the fatigue of her journey, while I went to the colonel to inform him that I was with Mrs. Smith. Count Ghizzalo, the commandant of the gend'armerie, offended that this prisoner had not come to him herself immediately, with that tribute of submission which he arrogantly expected, ordered me to tell Mrs. Smith to wait on him before she engaged any apartment at the inn; but altering his mind, he condescended to let her remain where she was. He asked me for what purpose I was with the prisoner; and when he understood that my intention was to continue the journey in her company as far as Milan, he said that I should not be allowed to follow her farther than Padua; as no person was permitted to be with prisoners under the vigilance of government. "Return to Mrs. Smith," said he, "and in an hour I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on her."

I went instantly to acquaint her with this obstacle, which threatened to prevent the accomplishment of our plan; and advised her to write to Monsieur Lagarde, begging that he would be pleased to authorise the commandant to let me continue with her. Count Ghizzalo came to Mrs. Smith soon afterwards: he expressed his dissatisfaction at her neglecting to appear before him, and then informed her that he could not permit her to go forward in company with a man whom he knew nothing of, and who might, in some measure, embarrass the custody of her person; that he would not suffer it, as the strictest care was ordered to be taken of her. Mrs. Smith answered, "This person, whom you know nothing of, must go with me to Milan, according to the orders of the government itself, which will be fully confirmed, if you write to the minister of the police at Venice." Ghizzalo, contrary to his wish, was obliged to consult the government, and wait for an answer, which detained us two days at Padua.

At last the permission of the police of Venice arrived; and we proceeded on the 27th of April, accompanied by three gend'armes, who were to continue all the journey with us. The colonel himself accompanied us as far as Vicenza, and returned to Padua the next day.

One gend'arme sat with us in the carriage, and the two others followed on horseback. The fellow in the carriage wished to occupy my attention with the history of his crimes, which he recited as noble trophies of his revenge. He appeared certain

of

of persuading me that revenge was suited to the character of a man of feeling: that to plunge his steel into the body of whoever refused to agree to his desire, was an act worthy of every lofty mind: that his fellow-creature gasping his last from wounds inflicted by him, was the most pleasing spectacle to him, as it afforded him a proof of his own strength, and of the other's weakness; that the sight of blood and carnage was so habitual to him, that he could not remain long without enjoying it. A legacy, he continued, which his brother had disputed with him, had kindled in his bosom the desire of murdering that brother; and he expressed with the greatest energy how useful it would be to humanity, if he were only permitted to put to death all priests and monks. But while this wretch, who thirsted for human blood, continued his blustering thus, I sat deeply engaged in reflecting on the means of baffling his vigilance; and all this stupid bravado directed, of course, to me, I smiled at in silent contempt. As we entered Verona in the evening, he pointed to a spot where he said he once murdered his comrade; but regardless of all this, I determined that in this very city I would attempt Mrs. Smith's escape.

I considered this to be the fittest place, as I flattered myself with the assistance of some friends whom I expected to meet here according to appointment; but I was unfortunately deceived, for they had set out the same morning for Milan. I had still the hopes of receiving the aid of one of my most intimate Venetian friends, who was at this time to come to his country-house (which was only two posts from Verona), on purpose to help me. I had imparted the secret to him, and desired him to meet me at a certain place in Verona that night. We had agreed that Mrs. Smith, on first escaping, was to take shelter in his seat, and to remained concealed there for a short time, whence, in the disguise of a country dress, she could have easily reached the imperial dominions by secret paths, as they are at no great distance from Verona. To settle our measures still better, I wrote him a few lines, and sent it by express, desiring to receive an answer as quickly as possible. I told him to repair to Verona, where, in the most solitary place, he would find me exactly at midnight, as he was already informed.

I went punctually to the spot, and there did I stand, amidst the ruins of the ancient amphitheatre, during a heavy shower of rain, even previous to the appointed hour. At length twelve o'clock struck; yet the awful silence still continued: nor could I hear the step of any one approaching. After waiting some time in vain, I ran to the post-house to inquire for the young man by whom I expected the answer: but on passing by the Piazza dell Erbe, a man came up to me, and stopped me, without speaking a word. I instantly presented a loaded pistol at

him, which caused him to take to his heels; but not a syllable was uttered on either side. I could not imagine what this meant. The man had not yet returned with an answer, and I thought of returning to the amphitheatre, in hopes that he might be waiting there; but it was to no purpose. Two o'clock in the morning had struck, when, tired of looking for him, I returned to the inn, desirous to ease Mrs. Smith's mind from the agitation and suspence in which she naturally was, by acquainting her with my ill success: but her room was surrounded by the gend'armes, and I was denied admission to her at such an hour.

The same day, before I went to see her, I tried again to learn something of the messenger whom I so anxiously expected. He at last arrived with the letter from my friend; in which, after the usual silly compliments, he expressed the impossibility of his coming to Verona, on account of business that kept him at home. This weak man, resembling, both in character and principles, the generality of the inhabitants of that country, was terrified at the thought of incurring the smallest risk of personal danger, or exposing his interest, for the purpose of lending aid to the unhappy, and participating in the glorious claims of friendship.

I did not wish, however, that Mrs. Smith should remain ignorant of the truth, and therefore I went to shew her the letter. She expressed her fear that no other means could be devised for escaping; but when I communicated to her the stratagem which was to be effected that evening, she recovered her hopes again.

I had marked a cave that was near the Adige, as the place in which we were to hide ourselves, after absconding, during the night; and had prepared a small post-chaise for our departure in the morning early; but the gend'armes told us that they wished to proceed on the journey, as no more than two days repose was granted.

That day Mrs. Smith was ill with a slight fever, and I went in search of a physician to testify the lady's state of health, and thus prevent her from being forced to continue travelling for the day. Doctor Dalbene, after visiting Mrs. Smith, attested on paper the nature of her complaint, which procured us the delay of another day. The conversation of this man was of great use to us, as it prevented us from attempting any thing at Verona, since we should have been inevitably stopped at the gates. I never disclosed any part of the secret to Doctor Dalbene in the course of my inquiries: yet he informed us that this being a placed'armes, or fortified city, the gates were closed every night 'till sun-rise; and he also informed us of the extreme caution that was used with regard to the passports of every person leaving the city. When I had first planned our flight

flight by the assistance of my friend, I had overlooked this essential point: and now, perceiving the impossibility of success, I renounced every idea of attempting any further step at Verona; so we departed for Brescia on the 1st of May.

On the road, I observed the various aspects of the country between Verona and Brescia: and when we drew near Peschiera, I stepped out of the carriage, on pretence of drawing a sketch of the view of the lake di Garde; but in reality for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the different interior roads thereabout, as I conjectured that from thence to the confines of the Tyrol the distance was inconsiderable. I made several inquiries on this subject, and discovered the different roads: I found that Peschiera was so situated as to oblige us to pass Brescia on our way to Riva, the nearest village to the Tyrolese confines. I continued my way on foot, inquiring which was the nearest place to Brescia, and the most convenient for passing the lake; and was in general answered Salò, it being the least distant from Brescia, and nearest to the Tyrol. Thus instructed, I returned to the carriage, and shewed Mrs. Smith, in presence of the soldier, my drawing of the fortress of Peschiera, and of the adjoining hill by which it was shaded.

Count Attems had promised to overtake us at Milan, and go with Mrs. Smith to Valenciennes. This gentleman, however, came up with us a little before we reached Brescia, having obtained leave from Colonel Ghizzalo to follow Mrs. Smith. We were cautious in keeping our secret from Count Attems, as we reflected on the danger of his person, the tranquillity of his family, and the probable confiscation of his property by the government: but at the same time we intended to prevent his situation from being such as might raise suspicions of his concern in the plot.

The same day (the first of May) we entered Brescia, where I had irrevocably determined to execute Mrs. Smith's deliverance (it being the nearest place to a neutral territory), and to fly from the dominions of the new king of Italy. For this purpose, before engaging the inn at which she was to rest the two days allowed, I ran to examine the windows of the different inns, and see of what height they were from the ground; but they all resembled each other so much in construction and elevation, that we remained at the one at which we had stopped with the gend'armes. A room was appointed for Mrs. Smith, fifty feet from the ground; the gend'armes took the room adjoining to her's, leaving the corresponding door half open, according to their custom; Count Attems had the room beyond the soldiery, so that all secret communication between him and his sister in law was precluded; and I

contented myself with a mean apartment in another part of the house.

(To be continued.)

On the ART *of* SCREAMING.

To the Printer,

Sir,

As the public have now had leisure and opportunity to recover from the shock occasioned to their finer feelings, by the late accident at Sadler's Wells,* (which, by the way, they have done surprisingly soon), I beg leave to trouble you with a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, in consequence of a conversation with some persons present on that celebrated night. I hope that now, when we are all calm and quiet, a little good advice will not be refused a patient hearing.

Having been for many years a frequenter of public places, and by virtue of my rank in life, admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportunities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears;* and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that the late accident was occasioned—not by pickpockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by SCREAMING.—Your readers may exclaim pooh! and pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the same time permit me to explain myself.

I repeat it, Sir, that the whole mischief was occasioned by *screaming*, a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed when there *is*. Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to *screaming*, if it were put under due regulations. I am aware that to *scream* prettily is part of the education of every young lady of fashion: but although it is taught at school along with other species of music, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries.

The general routine of teaching the art of *screaming* is to give *Miss* a few elementary lessons with a *spider*, or *a father-long-legs*, placed first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson without a pretty *squall*, the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a *blue-bottle*, than all the bosoms of an opera-benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is

* In consequence of an unnecessary and groundless alarm eighteen persons lost their lives at that place of amusement on the 15th of October, 1807.

is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs*, she is to be taught to *scream* at a *mouse*, and here there are several gradations, for which, I believe, our governesses generally make an *extra-charge*.

From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of *screaming* (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys), and they learn, at the same time (if their parents chuse to go to the expence), the *sostenuto*, the *crescendo*, the swell, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh! L—d; Good G—d; help; murder; fire*, &c. all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dog, or cat, and, perhaps, throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown: the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes, it is unanimously agreed, that there was nothing the matter, but they *were so frightened!*

Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. The pupil unfortunately is not taught the proper occasions when to *scream*, and when to sit quiet, nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, awkward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little *rumplings* and *rumpusses* which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and *make one be talked of*.

I would therefore, Sir, recommend it to those governesses who teach frights by the quarter, to consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of *screaming* to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an *ear-wig* may be killed without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a *mouse* may be caught without a *posse comitatus* of ushers, teachers, nurses, and servants roused from their four-pair-of stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, pokers, and pewter pots. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of *screaming* in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well, if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestic circles, or ladies' routs at farthest. Among *friends* such things are very becoming, and added to the equally genteel accomplishments of fits, faintings, &c. give a grace, and a *Je ne scai quoi* to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in public places, where there are always a great many of that class whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the *scream*, or even a *chorus* of *screams*, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of those

things which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the music of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

I beg, however, that in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of *screaming*, I may not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice, and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears, and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrors as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are so ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels, containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chambers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with *eclat* in company, and graced by the usual accompaniments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among ever-greens. All I contend for is, that where there is *real* danger, they will *sit still*, and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, or other such elegant timidities, may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A QUIET SOUL.

DESCRIPTION *of a* CURIOUS FEAST.

AT the sale of a large quantity of old ale, the other day, at a brewhouse, not fifty miles from Hyde Park Corner, the auctioneer, by way of putting the persons attending into good humour, and to induce them to bid freely for the several lots, requested the pleasure of their company to dinner, after the sale should be over, and to spend the evening in conviviality.

The sale being finished, a group of between eighty and ninety were conducted into a loft, about 100 feet square, where planks, laid upon casks, formed two tables, the whole length of the loft, and for table cloths, hop-sacks were substituted. Before every man was placed a trencher, with a knife and fork neatly shaped by a flying cutler, out of some old rusty hoops, and a horn to drink his ale out of, which was brewed for the occasion. The meats and vegetables being excellent, (consisting of hams, fillets of veal, roast and boiled beef, &c) were served up in wooden bowls and platters, and the butter in earthen pipkins. And in order to gratify the palates of some Welchmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, who were then in the room, wooden bowls and platters, filled with leeks and scallions; oaten bonnocks,

nocks, or cakes, pigs' haggasses, and roast and boiled potatoes, were next ushered in, and set in their proper places.

On a table at the upper end of the two long ones, was fixed a large elbow chair, covered with hop-sacks, in which sat a droll fellow, of a gigantic size and stature, called the "Grand Maitre Domo," who was dressed in the following manner:—Over his face was a hideous mask, with a nose projecting about fourteen inches; on his head a red cap lined with white, rising in a lofty peak about six feet high, and a large white apron, extending from his chin below his feet: in this elevated situation, was another table placed before him, on which stood an enormous plumb-pudding, weighing upwards of 140 pounds, and which was brought in, with slings, by two draymen, who placed four lighted wax flambeaux round the pudding; and having given his *reverence* a suitable knife, not much unlike a scythe set straight in the handle, and a fork, of the size of an ordinary pitchfork, he carved the pudding in a very elegant stile, helping the company round with slices of it from the point of his knife and fork.

After dinner, large quantities of punch, Scotch and Irish whiskey, were brought up in tubs, buckets, and red pitchers; and, to crown the merriment, bagpipes, fidlers, and Welch harpers were procured, who struck up such merry tunes, that would make mountains jig, and bend the knotted oak, and kept the guests in high spirits and good humour 'till four o'clock in the morning, when, by common consent, they parted, each man chaunting the following distich:—

"The brewer's famous feast shall ne'er be forgot,
"By those who were there, or those who were not."

Account of the Discovery of a Group of Islands in the South Sea, by the Spanish Frigate La Pala.

IN the voyage from Manilla to Lima, the Spanish frigate, La Pala, belonging to the Phillippine company, commanded by Don Juan Baptiste Monteverde, discovered on the 18th of February, 1806, a group of islands, twenty-nine in number, the southernmost of which is situated in 3 deg. 29 min. north latitude, and 162 deg. 5 min. east longitude from Cadiz.

These islands occupy a space of ten leagues from north-east to south-west, and are separated from each other by channels of one or two leagues in breadth. They are low, covered with wood, intersected with rivers, and well inhabited. On the frigate coming in sight of the islands, the inhabitants, who are of the most pacific disposition, first approached her in two canoes, to the number of twenty-one, and having come within

musket-shot, they ceased rowing, and held up some cocoa-nuts to the Spanish sailors, at the same time shouting and making signs. The frigate cleared her sails, and hoisted the Spanish colours; which manœuvre having apparently excited some apprehensions in the islanders, the Spanish colours were struck, and a white flag hoisted, the crew at the same time calling and making signs to the canoes to approach.

Having come alongside, they gave the Spaniards some cocoa-nuts, without demanding any thing in return, but none of them could be persuaded to come on board. The crew of the frigate then distributed among them some old knives, iron rings, and pieces of red cloth; and this liberality excited such joy and gratitude in these good people, that they immediately stripped their canoes to make presents to the Spaniards; their nets, their fish-hooks, their cocoa-nut-shells, which served them for drinking-cups, their enormous hats, made of the leaves of the palm-tree, were all in a moment removed on board the frigate, and they at length proceeded to strip themselves of their only garment, fastened round their waist, in order to testify their gratitude to their benefactors. Still they were not content with themselves, and gave the Spaniards to understand that they would return to their island to fetch other presents, requesting, by signs, that the frigate would wait for them.

These islanders are tall, well made, robust, and active. They are of an olive colour, have flat noses, and black curled hair, of considerable length. In each canoe was a venerable old man, naked like the others, and who appeared to be their chief. One very remarkable circumstance is, that these two men were white, had aquiline noses, and had more of the air of Spaniards than of savages.

Captain Monteverde observed that these islanders bore a considerable resemblance in their features and conduct to the inhabitants of the islands of St. Bartholomew, of Capa, and Ibictai, where he landed in the year 1800, then being in the frigate La Phillippine, commanded by Don Juan Ibarguitia.

Additional Particulars of the late celebrated M. Delolme.

THIS ingenious writer, a sketch of whose life our readers will find by referring to page 791 of the present volume, once made a bargain with an eminent bookseller now no more, for an advance upon his labour for preparing a second edition of one of his most valuable productions; but whom M. Delolme detected in multiplying the copies of his first edition without his privacy or consent. Another time, such was the fertility of his mind, he was engaged in a suit, in consequence of

of writing a very long preface to an old work of De Foe's, instead of a short one.

When M. Delolme first came to England, he subsisted by preparing the copal varnish for coachmakers, &c. and for some years after, the only honour conferred upon him in consequence of that literature with which he enriched this country, was the title of doctor of laws conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. Nor was M. Delolme's known connection with Mr. H. Dundas, while the former lodged with several other foreigners at a coffee-house near St. Paul's, of any signal benefit to him; that economical gentleman, it seems, thought that even national services were amply requited with a guinea per week! And further, as M. Delolme's native independence of mind did not admit of his *booing* and *booing*, he was by no means calculated to make his way by flattery. M. Delolme even carried this singularity so far, that he would not lodge in a house where the door was not kept open; and though never in debt with any one, he was averse to letting any but a few intimate friends know where he lived, which was always in some obscure outlet towards the fields, and invariably by a cow-house. His first residence of this description was about twelve years ago, near Gray's-Inn-lane; his last near Spital-fields, where he was accidentally discovered by a gentleman, who, while he was conversing with Mr. Wagstaff, son of the Wagstaff eminent as the only purveyor of scarce divinity, seeing M. Delolme pass, being induced to ask Mr. Wagstaff if he knew who that was, he replied in the negative, but that the same gentleman passed his door regularly at stated hours, morning and evening; and so extremely singular was he in his notions of privacy, that he once spoke to an intimate acquaintance, with a degree of rapture, about the several recluse situations, alleys, &c. in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane, Black Boy-alley.

Another peculiarity in him, was never to keep any fire in his apartment after his milk or coffee were warmed. His appearance, however, was always genteel though not uniformly so: for, if his hair was dressed, his shoes or stockings were sure to be dirty; or if these were clean, some other article was as certainly neglected. This, however, was not strange; M. Delolme was a projector in the strictest sense of the word. Among the many mechanical improvements of which he was the author, that of the ship's bolts was the only one that met with encouragement; another for locking rudders occasionally, in bad weather, and righting rigging with more facility than the usual mode, was not countenanced by Lord Howe. The model of these, and some other curiosities, M. Delolme has left in the hands of Mr. Rusted, at the circulating library, in Shoe-lane, to whose house he used sometimes to refer as his residence.

M.

M. Delolme, from his sagacity in tracing the probable course of events during the first seven years of the late war, was at length induced to hazard some of his property in the stocks, in which he was ultimately so considerable a gainer, that about five years since he availed himself of a fortunate event to retire to the mountainous parts of Switzerland, where he died last year, in the neighbourhood of the Richterberg, in one of the houses that about six weeks before that event was swept away by the sudden fall of part of that mountain, and the inundation that involved so many of the neighbouring inhabitants in inevitable ruin.

M. Delolme was further persuaded that the system of taxation in this country would ultimately deprive the inhabitants of their last guinea; and generally speaking, so infallible was he in his political predictions, that an accidental call of his at a newspaper office, where he was friendly with the editor, was deemed no small acquisition. With several circumstances that are now forgotten, it is remarkable, that some time before the event M. Delolme even pointed out the route that General Pichegru would take from French Flanders into the Austrian Netherlands, and the consequent defeat of the allies, the whole of which was realised accordingly.

The GRATITUDE *of a* JEW.

THE following circumstance, which is a literal fact, deserves to be recorded:—Many years ago, Mr. B. then a young man, having just entered into business for himself as a watchmaker, in Cripplegate (upon a borrowed capital of thirty pounds) was applied to by a young Jew to supply him on credit with a few watches. The Jew's father, who had a very bad opinion of his son, hearing of the circumstance, waited upon Mr. B. told him not to trust his son, for he was a very bad young man, had cheated his own father, and would not fail to cheat him too, if he had any dealings with him. Notwithstanding this admonition, Mr. B. was induced to credit the young Jew with six watches, value fifteen pounds, being the exact half of his whole stock, and was soon after informed that his customer was in gaol, and could not pay his creditors one farthing. The old Jew, upon this, waited upon Mr. B. upbraided him for not taking his advice, and told him he could never get six-pence of his money, as his son had spent every penny, and had even pledged his clothes to support him in gaol; and that he, the father, had not money to purchase him a coat and breeches, although his creditors had agreed to let him out of prison.

Mr.

Mr. B. though greatly affected at the loss of half his capital, still felt for the miserable situation of his debtor, and to the surprise of the old man, immediately bought him an old suit of clothes, which he desired him to carry to his son, that he might be enabled to appear in the world, and again try to get his bread. The old man could not say a word, but departed with tears in his eyes, carrying Mr. B.'s undeserved bounty to his worthless son. The young man being afterwards released from prison, went into the country with a few lemons, and a little tobacco for sale, in a basket, and never after was seen by Mr. B. The trade of the latter, however, soon began to increase.

In less than a week after this transaction, he received an order from a person in Worcester for three watches, which were to be sent to a person in Bishopsgate-street, where he would receive the money on the delivery of the goods; in a few days more he received another order from Gloucester, to be sent and paid in the same manner. In fact, scarcely a week passed in which Mr. B. did not hear of some new customer to such an amount, that his trade soon became very extensive, without his knowing by what means he had been so successful; 'till, at length, curiosity induced him to ask the gentleman in Bishopsgate-street who was general agent for all his customers. The gentleman demanded of Mr. B. if he recollected that, about two years ago, a Jew had taken him in for fifteen pounds, and that afterwards, when the man was in gaol, he had generously sent him a suit of old clothes? Mr. B. said he did recollect it, but he had never seen the rascal since. "Well," continued the gentleman, "he is still very poor, and going about the country selling lemons and other trifles, but in gratitude to Mr. B. in every town he went, his first enquiry among his brethren, was "Ver you buy your vatches?"—when he might be answered "from such and such a person."—"Mine Got! vat, you do not know de best and sheepest maker in the varld?—It is Mr. B. of Cripplegate." From this circumstance, Mr. B.'s business increased to such an extent, as has long since enabled him to retire with a handsome fortune, and he frequently relates the story of the Jew with much pleasantry.

ACCOUNT *of the* INHABITANTS *of* NICE.

THE Nissards differ from the inhabitants of Provence and Italy. Sordid interest and unprincipled selfishness, notwithstanding the allegations of many travellers, are by no means the characteristics of every class of this people. The Nissards are in general mild, humane, peaceable, and complaisant. They are gay, lively, and pleasant in company; in

one word, their manners upon the whole are interesting, and congenial with the mildness of the climate. The inhabitants of the country, though poor, and, as it were, sequestered from the world, are civil, and perfect strangers to the vices engendered by luxury, and to the violent passions which agitate the great. They are constantly occupied in providing for the subsistence of their families, in cultivating their fields, or watching their flocks. Nothing can equal their persevering patience at work; no obstacles dishearten them; and they bear with equal firmness bodily fatigue and mental anxiety. Fashion has not extended her imperious dominion over them, for they still retain the dress and manners of their forefathers. Whenever a traveller arrives in any one of their villages, let him be ever so little known to them, they hasten to welcome him, and invite him to partake of their frugal repast. They often give up their beds to strangers, and in every respect present us with an emblem of ancient hospitality: but this character only applies to the inhabitants of the interior of the country.

Those who can afford to buy a little merchandize hawk it about the country, until they acquire enough of wealth to begin shop-keeping. With such small beginnings, by arrangement and economy, some of them have left fortunes, which their industrious children have augmented to immense property, even millions sterling. There are many instances of this kind, and two are well known at Lyons and Marseilles: one is the house of Folosan, the other is the family of Bruni, two members of which were presidents of the second chamber of the parliament of Aix before the revolution.

It is from the northern district that so many of them emigrate with their organs, cymbals, and magic lanterns, to amuse the people and children over all Europe. After an absence of eight or ten years, the greater part of them return with some little savings, which assist them to enlarge their fields, to buy cattle, and get married. Tired of a wandering and laborious life, they return to finish their days under the humble roof that gave them birth, far from the noise and tumult of towns. It is there they relate to their children what has most attracted their attention in their travels. It might be supposed they would contract some of the vices prevalent in great towns; they retain, however, their former simplicity of manners and industry. They consider their present situation happy, when they compare it with the fatiguing life they had led to attain it; even their little vanity is gratified in being considered the richest of the hamlet, respected by all, and looked upon as the oracles of the country. These advantages turn the heads of the young peasants, and make them sigh for an organ and magic lantern.

MISCHIEFS *of* BEGGING.

EVERY individual born in this country, or who has acquired a legal settlement, has a right to be maintained as a pauper, at the public expence; and under this right (with the exception of perhaps one in fifty), he is maintained in idleness. In this view, the condition of a common beggar is more estimable, in his own eyes, than that of a pauper, since, having an option, he would otherwise become a pauper; and hence it is that beggars, who follow mendicity as a trade, are averse to that coercion, and the risk of performing at least some labour which may be required in houses of industry.

The mischiefs attached to mendicity have, in all countries, been considered as very grievous. Begging is a species of extortion to which the tender-hearted are chiefly exposed. Disgust may indeed exist where there is no sympathy, which is generally relieved by giving alms. The numbers restrained by disgust from giving alms bear no proportion to those that are impelled by sympathy; and hence to the beggar the difference is greater, in point of comfort, between begging and working. It is a true saying, "that every penny spent is a reward to industry, while every penny given is a bounty to idleness." The luxuries seen, in many instances, to be enjoyed by professed beggars, are a sort of insult on the hard-working child of industry, by holding him out as the dupe who toils to earn an inferior maintenance to that obtained by canting and grimace.

SALMON.

SALMON, though resident in the briny ocean, always come to the mouth of some large river which is connected with it, for the purpose of depositingtheir spawn; and the shad, the smelt, and the flounder, adopt a similar plan. The fatigue and exertion a salmon undergoes upon these occasions is wonderful; there is no danger or difficulty which they will not surmount; and they are seen to work up their passage to rivers not less than five hundred miles from the sea. These labours are doubtless undertaken for the better security of their progeny; and as the bed of the rivers in which they intend to deposit their spawn is always lower than the body of the sea, they extend their bodies in a straight line, and, with astonishing courage and rapidity, suddenly take an advantageous leap. As the fishermen are acquainted with the time of these periodical visitants, they either place baskets to receive them, or extend nets. There are several of these salmon leaps (as they are called) in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; though a small number, in proportion, are caught in the Thames.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to Rusticus's Rebus, inserted October 5.

BRAVE BERESFORD you may behold
Amidst Britannia's heroes bold.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; W. D. of Bristol; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Hester Easter, Poole; Soho, of St. German's; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; R. Gidley; and W. H. H. of Totnes.

Answer, by J. Fairweather, of Plymouth, to J. A. Dyer's Enigma, inserted the 5th of October.

SHOE-BUCKLE is the answer true,
Which now is held out to your view.

*** A similar answer has been received from H. Ellis, and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; J. V. near Helston; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; John Ryan, of Stonehouse; Hester Easter, of Poole; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; P. Codd, of Plymouth; W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Colley, and Soho, of St. German's; W. T. Dineck, of Budeaux; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Mary Symons, of Honicknowl House; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. H. H. of Totnes; John Woodman, of North Curry; R. M. Giffard, J. Horsey, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; and G. D. O. of Beer.

CHARADE.

FOR my first take a part of a swift moving creature;
Next the limb of a beast to gluttony prone;
Then put them together, they resemble in feature,
My true native place, which in Kent is well-known.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

WHEN beauteous summer shews its smiling face,
My blushing first you frequently may trace;
When time permits my second I attain,
And lift the tube to view the distant main:
My whole's a modern seat of some renown,
Whose situation's near a trading town.

A REBUS, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

IN storms, when thunders roll, and lightning flies,
Tempestuous winds and seas unruly rise,
Then for my first the sailor oft doth steer,
In hopes his wearied spirits there to chear.
Arise ye great competitors for fame,
And secondly a vowel you will name;
'Tis now that I request you'll find a snare,
Ye honour'd bards, my last will then appear.
In dreadful battle, horrid to relate,
Where many souls meet their immortal state,
When arm'd battalions charge each other's flanks,
Then is my blood-stain'd whole seen in their ranks.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MARY.

THE pearly dew-drop of the morn,
The sighing gale by zephyr borne,
The spotless blossom of the thorn,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

The plumage of the raven's wing,
The odours of the fragrant spring,
The endless circle of the ring,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

The tale that bids compassion weep,
The sound that lulls the wretch to sleep,
The pearl that gilds the glossy deep,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

The stream that murmurs thro' the grove,
The bosom of the faithful dove,
The crimson blush of virgin love,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

The lilies white, the roses red,
The modest vi'let's drooping head,
The tear by blue-ey'd pity shed,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

The evening honours of the west,
The down that warms the turtle's nest,
The sigh that heaves the pensive breast,
Are emblems of thee, Mary.

Camborne. J. B.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

[From the Satirist, written by Mr. G. COLMAN, Jun.]

COME on, old Time!—nay that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid;
But, tell me, sandman! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
So thick to make me stupid;

Tell me, death's journeyman! but no;
Hear thou *my* speech; I will not grow
Irrev'rent while I try it;
For, tho' I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
Thy forelock fills me with such dread
I—*never take thee by it.*

List then old *is, was, and to be!*
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:
Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;

With

With teething wouldst have ta'en me off;
Then mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,
Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon, now,
That Jenner combats on a cow;)
And, then, some seeds of knowledge;
Grains of grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains, with sloe-juice port,
And lectures out of number:
There Fresh-man Folly quaffs and sings,
While graduate Dullness clogs thy wings
With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)
I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me, from the schools to town,
Where I was parachuted down,
A dapper Temple student.

Then, much in dramas did I look;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke;
Congreve beat Blackstone hollow;
Shakespeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

Ah! Time, those raging heats I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind:
How cool is retrospection:
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store;
An autumn of reflection!

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,
Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A when *versus* B?
Or what, John Bull, a comedy,
To pleading John Bull's causes?

But tho' my childhood felt disease,
Tho' my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
Some ragged muse has netted,
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee, (and faith to *others*, too!)
I'm very much indebted:

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inur'd me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm to-morrow:
And when, old mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some FEW DEAR FRIENDS will sorrow.

Then, tho' my idle prose or rhyme,
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,
"Thank Time for all his favours!"